THE QUICKENING

BY

FRANCIS LYNDE

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Thomas Jefferson, awe-struck and gaping, found himself foot-loose for a time in the Marlboro rotunda while his father talked with a man who wanted to bargain for the entire output of the Paradise furnace by the year. The commercial transaction touched him lightly; but the moving groups, the imported bell-boys, the tesselated floors, frescoed ceiling and plush-covered furniture—these bit deeply. Could this be South Tredegar, the place that had hitherto figured chiefly to him as "court-day" town and the residence of his preacher uncle? It seemed hugely incredible.

After the conference with the iron buyer they crossed the street to the railway station; and again Thomas Jefferson was footloose while his father was closeted with some one in the manager's office.

An express train, with hissing air-brakes, Solomon-magnificent sleeping-cars, and a locomotive large enough to swallow whole the small affair that used to bring the once-a-day train from Atlanta, had just backed in, and the boy took its royal measure with eager and curious eyes, walking slowly up one side of it and down the other.

At the rear of the string of Pullmans was a private car, with a deep observation platform, much polished brass railing, and sundry other luxurious appointments, apparent even to the eye of unsophistication. Thomas Jefferson spelled the name in the medallion, "Psyche"—spelled it without trying to pronounce it—and then turned his attention to the people who were descending the rubber-carpeted steps and grouping themselves under the direction of a tall man who reminded Thomas Jefferson of his Uncle Silas with an indescribable something left out of his face.

"As I was about to say, General, this station building is one of the relics. You mustn't judge South Tredegar—our new South Tredegar—by this. Eh?—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Vanadam? Oh, the hotel? It is just across the street, and a very good house; remarkably good, indeed, all things considered. In fact, we're quite proud of the Marlboro."

One of the younger women smiled.

"How enthusiastic you are, Mr. Farley. I thought we had outgrown all that—we moderns."

"But, my dear Miss Elleroy, if you could know what we have to be enthusiastic about down here! Why, these mountains we've been passing through for the last six hours are simply so many vast treasure-houses; coal at the top, iron at the bottom, and enough of both to keep the world's industries going for ages! There's millions in them!"

Thomas Jefferson overheard without understanding, but his eyes served a better purpose. Away back in the line of the Scottish Gordons there must have been an ancestor with the seer's gift of insight, and some drop or two of his blood had come down to this sober-faced country boy searching the faces of the excursionists for his cue of fellowship or antipathy.

For the sweet-voiced young woman called Miss Elleroy there was love at first sight. For a severe, beskliked Mrs Vanadam there was awe. For the portly General with mutton-chop whiskers, overlooking eyes and the air of a dictator, there was awe, also, not unmingled with envy. For the tall man in the frock-coat, whose face reminded him of his Uncle Silas, there had been shrinking antagonism at the first glance—which keen first impression was presently dulled and all but effaced by the enthusiasm, the suave tongue, and the benignant manner. Which proves that insight, like the film of a recording camera, should have the dark shutter snapped on it if the picture is to be preserved.

Thomas Jefferson made way when the party, marshaled by the enthusiast, prepared for its descent on the Marlboro. Afterward, the royalties having departed and a good-natured porter giving him leave, he was at liberty to examine the wheeled palace at near-hand, and even to climb into the vestibule for a peep inside.

Therewith, castles in the air began to rear themselves, tower on wall. Here was the very sky-reaching summit of all things desirable; to have one's own brass-bound hotel on wheels; to come and go at will; to give curt orders to a respectful and uniformed porter, as the awe-inspiring gentleman with the mutton-chop whiskers had done.

At the highest point on the hunched shoulder of the mountain Thomas Jefferson twisted himself in the buggy seat for a final backward look into the valley of new marvels. The summer day was graying to its twilight, and a light haze was stealing out of the wooded ravines and across the river. From the tall chimneys of a rolling-mill a dense column of smoke was ascending, and at the psychological moment the slag flare from an iron-furnace changed the overhanging cloud into a fiery aegis.

Having no symbolism save that of Holy Writ, Thomas Jefferson's mind seized instantly on the figure, building far better than it knew. It was a new Exodus, with its pillar of cloud by day and its pillar of fire by night. And its Moses—though this, we may suppose, was beyond a boy's imagining—was the frenzied, ruthless spirit of commercialism, named otherwise, by the multitude, Modern Progress.

CHAPTER IV.

If you have never had the pleasure of meeting a Southern gentleman of the patriarchal school, I despair of bringing you well acquainted with Major Caspar Dabney until you have summered and wintered him. But the Dabneys of Deer Trace figure so largely in Thomas Jefferson's boyhood and youth as to be well-nigh elemental in these retrospective glimpses.

It was about the time when Thomas Jefferson was beginning to reconsider his ideals, with a leaning toward brass-bound palaces on wheels and dictatorial authority over uniformed lackeys and other of his fellow creatures, that fate dealt the Major its final stab and prepared to pour wine and oil into the wound—though of the balm-pouring, none could guess at the moment of wounding. It was not in Caspar Dabney to be patient under a blow, and for a time his ragings threatened to shake even Mammy Juliet's loyalty—than which nothing more convincing can be said.

"Mistuh Scipio," she would say, "I'se jus' erbout wo'ed out! I done been knowin' Mawstuh Caspah ebber sence I was Ol' Mistis' tish-'ooman, and I ain't nev' seen him so fractious es he been sence dat letter come tellin' him come get dat po' li'l gal-child o' Mawstuh Louis's. Seems lak he jus' gwine r'ar round twel he hu't somebody!" etoalushirdlu etoian shrdlu etoain et

Scipio, the Major's body-servant, had grown gray in the Dabney service, and he was well used to the master's storm periods.

"Doan' you trouble yo'se'f none erbout dat, Mis' Juliet. Mawstuh Majuh tekkin' hit mighty hawd 'cause Mawstuh Louis done daid. But bimeby you gwine see him climm on his hawss an' ride up yondeh to whah de big steamboats comes in an'fotch dat li'l gal-child home; an' den: uck—uh-h! look out, niggahs; dar ain't gwine be nuttin' on de top side dishyer yearth good enough for li'l Missy. You watch what I done tol' yer erbout dat, now!"

Scipio's prophecy, or as much of it as related to the bringing of the orphaned Ardea to Deer Trace Manor, wrought itself out speedily, as a matter of course. At the close of the war, Captain Louis, the Major's only son, had become, like many another hot-hearted young Confederate, a self-expatriated exile. On the eve of his departure for France he had married the Virginia maiden who had nursed him alive after Chancellorsville. Major Caspar had given the bride away—the war had spared no kinsman of hers to stand in this breach—and when the God-speeds were said, had himself turned back to the weed-grown fields of Deer Trace Manor, embittered and hostile, swearing never to set foot outside of his home acres again while the Union should stand.

For more than twenty years he kept this vow almost literally. A few of the older negroes, a mere handful of the six score slaves of the old patriarchal days, cast in their lot with their former master, and with these the Major made shift thriftily, farming a little, stock-raising a little, and, unlike most of the war-broken plantation owners, clinging tenaciously to every rood of land covered by the original Dabney title-deeds.

In this cenobitic interval, if you wanted a Dabney colt or a Dabney cow, you went, or sent, to Deer Trace Manor on your own initiative, and you, or your deputy, never met the Major; your business was transacted with lean, lantern-jawed Japheth Pettigrass, the Major's stock-and-farm foreman. And although the Dabney stock was pedigreed, you kept your wits about you; else Pettigrass got much the better of you in the trade, like the shrewd, calculating Alabama Yankee that he was.

Ardea was born in Paris in the twelfth year of the exile; and the Virginia mother, pining always for the home land, died in the fifteenth year. Afterward Captain Louis fought a long-drawn, losing battle, figuring bravely in his infrequent letters to his father as a rising miniature painter. He had his little girl back and forth between his lodgings and the studio where he painted pictures that nobody would buy, and eking out a miserable existence by giving lessons in English when he was happy enough to find a pupil.

The brave letters imposed on the Major, as they were meant to do; and Ardea, the loyal, happening on one of them in her first Deer Trace summer, read it through with childish sobs and never thereafter opened her lips on the story of those distressful Paris days. Later she understood her father's motive better: how he would not be a charge on an old man rich in nothing but ruin; and the memory of the pinched childhood became a thing sacred.

How the Major, a second Rip Van Winkle, found his way to New York, and to the pier of the incoming French Line steamer, must always remain a mystery. But he was there, with the fierce old eyes quenched and swimming and the passionate Dabney lips trembling strangely under the great moustaches, when the black-frocked little waif from the Old World ran down the landing stage and into his arms. Small wonder that they clung to each other, these two at the further extremes of three generations; or that the child opened a door in the heart of the fierce old partisan which was locked and doubly barred against all others.

It was all new and very strange to a child whose only outlook on life had been urban and banal. She had never seen a mountain, and nothing more nearly approaching a forest than the parked groves of the Bois de Boulogne. Would it be permitted that she should sometimes walk in the woods of the first Dabney, she asked, with the quaint French twisting of the phrases that she was never able fully to overcome. It would certainly be permitted; more, the Major would make her a deed to as many of the forest acres as she would care to include in her promenade.

How the French-born child fitted into the haphazard household at Deer Trace Manor, with what struggles she came through the inevitable attack of homesickness, and how Mammy Juliet and every one else petted and indulged her, are matters which need not be dwelt on. But we shall gladly believe that she was too sensible, even at the early and tender age of 10, to be easily spoiled.

She never forgot a summer day soon after her arrival when she first saw her grandfather transformed into a frenzied madman. He was sitting on the wide portico directing Japheth Pettigrass, who was training the great crimson-rambler rose that ran well up to the eaves. Ardea, herself, was on the lawn, playing with her grandfather's latest gift, a huge, solemn-eyed Great Dane, so she did not see the man who had dismounted at the gate and walked up the driveway until he was handing his card to her grandfather.

When she did see him, she looked twice at him; not because he was trigly clad in brown duck and tightly-buttoned service leggings, but because he wore his beard trimmed to a point, after the manner of the students in the Latin Quarter, and so was reminiscent of things freshly forsaken. Her grandfather was on his feet, towering above the visitor as if he were about to fall on and crush him.

"Bring youh Yankee railroad through my fields and pastchuhs, suh? Foul the pure ai-ah of this peaceful Gyarden of Eden with youh dust-flingin', smoke-pot locomotives? Not a rod, suh! not a foot or an inch even the Dabney lands! Do I make it plain to you, suh?"

"But Major Dabney—one moment; this is purely a matter of business; there is nothing personal about it. Our company is able and willing to pay liberally for its right of way; and you must remember that the coming of the railroad will treble and quadruple your land values. I am only asking you to consider the matter in a business way, and to name your own price."

"Not anothch word, suh, or you'll make me lose my tempah! You add insult to injury, suh, when you offeh me youh contemptible Yankee gold. When I desiah to sell my birthright for youh beggahly mess of pottage, I'll send a black boy in town to infawm you, suh!"

It is conceivable that the locating engineer of the Great Southwestern Railway Company was younger than he looked; or, at all events, that his experience hitherto had not brought him in contact with fire-eating gentlemen of the old school. Else he would hardly have said what he did.

"Of course, it is optional with you, Major Dabney, whether you sell us our right of way peaceably or compel us to acquire it by condemnation proceedings in the courts. As for the rest—is it possible that you don't know the war is over?"

With a roar like that of a maddened lion the Major bowed himself, caught his man in a mighty wrestler's grip and flung him broadcast into the coleus bed. The words that went with the fierce attack made Ardea crouch and shiver and take refuge behind the great dog. Japheth Pettigrass jumped down from his step-ladder and went to help the engineer out of the flower bed.

"The old firebrand!" the engineer was muttering under his breath when Pettigrass reached him; but the foreman cut him short.

"You got mighty little sense, looks like, to me. Stove up any?"

"Nothing to hurt, I guess."

"Well, your hawss is waitin' for ye down yonder at the gate, and I don't b'lieve the Major is allowin' to ask ye to stay to supper."

When the engineer had mounted and ridden away down the pike, the foreman straightened himself and faced about. The Major had dropped into his big arm-chair. His hands shook. Pettigrass moved nearer and spoke so that the child should not hear. "If you run me off the place the nex' minute, I'm goin' to tell you you ort to be tolerably 'shamed of yourse'f, Maje' Dabney. That po' little gal is scared out of a year's growin', right now."

"I know, Japheth; I know. I'm an old heathen! For, insultin' as he was, the man was for the time bein' my guest, suh—my guest!"

"I'm talkin' about the little one—not that railroader. So far as I know, he earned what he got. I allowed they'd make some sort of a swap with you, so I didn't say anything when they was layin' out their lines throo' the hawss-lot and across the lower cornfield this mornin'—easy, now; no more r'arin' and t'arin' with that thar little gal not a-knowin' which side o' the earth's goin' to cave in next!"

"Laid out theyuh lines—across my prope'ty? Japheth, faveh me by riding down to the furnace and askin' Caleb Gordon if he will do me the honor to come up hear—this evenin', if he can. I—I—it's twenty yeahs and mo' since I've troubled the law cou'ts of ouh po', Yankee-ridden country with any affai-ah of mine; and now—well, I don't know," with a despondent shake of the leonine head.

(To be continued.)

CAT CENSUS IN YOKAHAMA.

Feline Infant Mortality Lessened by a Bonus on Kittens.

Yokohama, which prides itself upon being the most flourishing port in Japan, received a shock last year. It believed that its cat population was decreasing alarmingly.

With the painstaking care that characterizes Japanese officialdom the officers of the kencho, or city hall, set their agents to taking a census of the cats of Yokohama. There were about 7,000 able-bodied adult cats in all the confines of the city, these enumerators discovered; they even established the fact that less than one-third of the cat population was males.

Something must be done at once to encourage the growth of the feline members of Yokohama society, the kencho officers decided. They were quite sure by observation of the family habits of certain cats selected from the proletariat that race suicide was not a factor in this decrease of the population. On the contrary, they found it to be a fact that in too many instances human intervention during the infancy of the cats brought about the lessening of the population by violence.

In all Japanese cities bubonic plague is an ever present menace. There have been times when the plague has swept through whole districts and only by the most rigorous efforts of the sanitary officials could it be stamped out. Rats are the chief disseminators of the plague. On occasions such vigorous campaigns have been waged against the rats that the governments of various cities have offered a quarter of a cent bounty for every rat carcass. Men went into the trade of rat catching with handsome profits in sight.

But Yokohama decided that the most potent means of rat extermination lay in the city's cats. Hence the alarm felt at the discovery of the decrease in the number of rat catchers. So after the completion of the cat census a year ago the kencho officials decided to offer a bonus of 50 sen (25 cents) for every kitten raised to maturity.

Complication followed fast in the path of this spur to cat culture, the New York Sun asserts. Citizens flocked to the kencho with cats not their own and cat chasing became one of the most serious pursuits of the street boys. The kencho officials finally had to rule that a preliminary claim for the 50 sen reward must be made at the nearest police station upon the birth of every kitten and that the bonus would not be paid until such time as it could be shown that the same kitten had advanced to sufficient maturity to be considered a rat catcher. Consequently for a year past one of the chief duties of policemen has been the inspection and registration of the adolescence of cats.

Yokohama is breathing easier now. The last cat census showed that there were was in round numbers 13,000 cats in the city. Yen 1,975 ($987.50) has been paid out in bounties.

All is not gold that is shoved at you for the real shine.

THE BUGLE SONG.

HE went away to the war that day,
To the swinging bugle song;
All stanch and true in his suit of blue,
And sturdy, brave and strong.
'Mid the tramp of feet and the loud drum beat,
And the ringing of the cheers,
There were none to see such a one as she
Who could not see for tears.

And back again came the marching men,
With the bugle singing still;
Yet the music's surge was a sighing dirge,
All sad and slow and shrill,
For a woman wept, and a soldier slept
In the dreamless, silent sleep;
And the bugle song had a measure wrong
For the buglers sometimes weep.

And the bugles' lure while the years endure
Will coax them to the line,
And the lilting strains on the hills and plains
Still echo fair and fine.
But the suits of blue, and the sabers, too,
And the worn and battered caps,
Will tell some maid what the bugle played
When it sighed the song of "Taps."

—Baltimore American.

A DARING RIDE.

Feat of a Union Officer That Won Confederate Cheers.

One morning in February, said General Wesley Merritt, my division of cavalry started with instructions to discover the extent of Lee's forces on the Rapidan without bringing on a general engagement. In due time we found ourselves face to face with the enemy and the river between. A lively skirmish with small arms began, but the result was insignificant. The enemy declined to show force beyond what was necessary to engage our skirmish line. The breastworks were long and formidable, but whether they were occupied by few or many soldiers our ingenious plans failed to discover.

It was finally decided that the only way to make the enemy show force was to try to cross the ford in our front. If this succeeded, the enemy was to be driven out of his works if possible; if not, he would drive us back across the ford, probably with severe loss to our troops. Reluctantly, under these conditions, the division was organized for the work.

Leading the advance guard, which consisted of a squadron of cavalry, was Captain Ash. His instructions contemplated that only his advance guard should cross. It was hoped that this maneuver would draw the enemy from behind the breastworks and cause him to display his force. Ash advanced with his squadron amid the stillness of death. The skirmish firing was hushed, and the silence which prevailed showed that the enemy was intent on keeping us in ignorance of its numbers and determined to make us pay heavily for information.

The anxiety was intense. We knew that when the enemy opened fire at short range our loss would be great and that the advance guard must be the first and greatest sufferers. Ash, with his small command, moved on. The works in front, gloomy, silent, denuded, seemed deserted. The men started to cross the ford, and Ash pushed on ahead. He gained a point of vantage where, because of a turn in the river, he could see the interior of the breastworks.

Just then the Confederates opened fire with a withering volley. Suddenly Ash commanded his squadron to retreat, while he, bending forward on his horse's neck, rode at a rapid gallop along the river bank parallel to the breastworks, followed, as he came opposite each new part of the works, with volley after volley.

There seemed no hope for him, and we waited in intense anxiety. On he kept in spite of the storm of lead. Then, as he reached a point where his view of the Confederate lines was still more extended, he raised his hat and waved it over his head. It was a signal of triumph.

To our amazement the Confederates, moved by admiration, ceased firing. Instead, they mounted on their breastworks as thick as they could stand and, throwing their hats into the air, cheered him again and again.

Ash reined up his horse and, turning toward the Confederates, raised his hat in a graceful salute. Then he rode leisurely into our own lines, amid the cheers of both sides. He had accomplished the work without the loss of a man and had for himself seen and displayed to every one else a full force of infantry occupying the Confederate works.

Captain Ash said afterward that he had not thought of the scheme of drawing out the enemy's force until he had reached the brink of the river and seen the great number who occupied the works. To go on meant certain death to many of his command; to retreat in the direct line of fire was equally disastrous, and the inspiration to act suddenly seized him.

Unsentimental.

A veteran of the Civil war was asked if he felt that interest in Memorial day was dying. He answered the question with a question:

"You will die, won't you? Nothing lasts forever. It's natural that this change should come."

"Then you aren't indignant that a feeling of indifference should be manifested by a younger generation?"

The old soldier said:

"No. Why should I be? I don't care a fig. Talking about the war won't make heroes. I dare say if there was an occasion for it the young men of to-day would make as good a record as they made forty years ago. But you can't expect young people to-day to feel about the war the way we older fellows do. They aren't close enough to it.

"I know that's so, because when I was a boy I was just about as far away from the war of 1812 as you are from the Civil war, and I know people didn't take any account of it. It's just as well, it seems to me. War is a bad remedy—necessary sometimes, but bad, all the same.

"Naturally I don't like to see the observance of Memorial day becoming more slack. It is an indication of the advance of time—nothing more. You can't say it shows deficient patriotism, for it's simply human nature, and I can't see that we're any different from what we've ever been.

"People aren't any more selfish than they ever were. It seems to me that they are just the same. The old soldiers have had a good deal done for them."—New York Evening Post.

A Young Patriot.

The veterans were parading in large numbers, and John and his mother stood at the window watching them march by. How like a hero every old veteran looked! And how tattered and scarred the battleflags seemed as they were proudly held on high by the standard bearer!

That very morning John's mother had shown him, for the first time, a suit of blue and the sword her brother had worn on the field, and although the mother was sad at the recollection she was proud of the service her brother had done his country, and she told John all about the brave young man who died fighting.

"Mother," said John, moving closer to her, "I wish I could do something for the United States. I should like to have lived in the 60s."

"There is yet much work to be done," answered his mother, "even though we live in later years."

"What can I do? The slaves are free and our country is at peace."

"I don't think you'll ever be called on to fight in war, John, but there are other ways; just watch for your opportunities."

And now as they gazed out of the window John thought of his uncle and longed to be a hero.

"Please, mother, may I go down and stand on the curb; I'd love to be closer?"

His mother gave consent, and in another minute John stood close to the passing soldiers and the flags, and he fancied he could smell the powder and smoke of bygone battles. Very soon there came among the veterans a little girl perched on the shoulder of her soldier papa. Her golden curls floated in the breeze and her eye sparkled as she clapped her hands to the music of "Marching Through Georgia."

John was watching her with delight when he became aware of an ugly mumbling near him, and before any one in the crowd quite understood what was happening the owner of the ugly voice stepped out and tripped the soldier carrying the child.

A murmur of horror came from the onlookers as the soldier swayed. Quick as a flash John rushed in between the tramp and the falling man, and catching the girl in his arms saved both father and child from being prostrated.

The tramp was quickly disposed of and little golden-locks restored to her papa, but John had disappeared in the crowd, eager to escape thanks. The mother, watching from the window, saw and understood. "Thank God," she sighed; "he will love his country and live for her."

He Fought His Boys.

At the battle of Chickamauga General Willich, who was commanding a brigade, incurred the displeasure of General Rosecrans, the commanding general, by some very slight omission. General Willich was sent for and informed that he must consider himself under arrest for the present.

"General," said Rosecrans sternly, "consider yourself under arrest and leave your sword here until your case is tried."

"Yes, general, I will consider myself under arrest," was the reply, "and shust so soon as dis fight's over I'll come and fix him up."

"But, sir," said the astonished Rosecrans, "I want you to consider yourself under arrest now."

"Of course I do," responded Willich promptly, "and so soon as I get off dis fight I'll be up and settle him."

"But, sir," expostulated the commanding general, "I can't let you go into this fight. You are under arrest. I will assign an officer to your brigade."

"You send an officer to fight my boys!" cried Willich indignantly. "He can't do it; they don't know him. Me they know; I teach them. I fight them, and none of the boys would know how to fight or what to do, only when I go with them. My boys belong to me—yes, me, General Willich. I command the brigade, and I must fight the brigade!"

General Rosecrans gave it up. General Willich has requested to return and "fight his boys," which he did most successfully. And that was the end of the matter.—Youth's Companion.

A Peace Hymn of the Republic.

There's a voice across the nation like a
mighty ocean hail,
Borne up from out the southward as the
seas before the gale;
Its breath is in the streaming flag and
in the flying sail
As we go sailing on.

'Tis a voice that we remember, ere its
summons soothed as now,
When it rang in battle challenge and we
answered vow with vow,
With roar of gun and hiss of sword and
crash of prow and prow
As we went sailing on.

Our hope sank, even as we saw the sun
sink faint and far;
The ship of state went groping through
the blinding smoke of war—
Through blackest midnight lurching, all
uncheered of moon and star,
Yet sailing, sailing on.

As One who spake the dead awake, with
lifeblood leaping warm,
Who walked the troubled waters, all unscathed, in mortal form,
We felt our Pilot's presence with His
hand upon the storm
As we went sailing on.

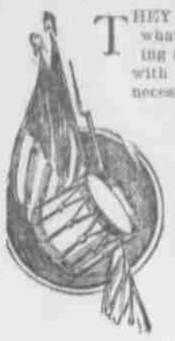
O voice of passion lulled to peace, this
dawning of to-day!
O voices twain now blent as one, ye sing
all fears away
Since foe and foe are friends, and, lo,
the Lord as glad as they—
He sends us sailing on.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Of cities of importance, Sydney New South Wales, is farthest in air line distance from London, 10,124 miles.

TO-DAY'S PATHETIC DWINDLING LINE.

THEY DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY.



THEY died for their country. Maybe we don't appreciate what this means. Living amidst peace and plenty; enjoying all the ease and comforts of happy homes; often too busy with personal concerns to give even the few minutes a year necessary for attendance at the primary and general elections, whereby officials are chosen and policies of government selected and enforced, we know nothing of the horrors and sacrifices of war.

"They died for their country." Not always the quick death that comes to crown a fit of spasmodic devotion, but in most instances after years of great privation: ill-fed; ill-clad; fever-racked; reduced by hardship and stress of life in camp and on the march until death was welcome in its promise of relief—or else it was after frightful months in hellish prison pens or overcrowded hospitals, ending torture neither to be described nor comprehended.

"They died for their country." What death means, even at best, few can realize until it strikes home. These men went away young, sturdy, strong, full of life's joy and pleasure, many leaving behind them unprotected wives and children, for whose future provision had not been made. They died, but their death was merciful in contrast with the long suspense, then the agony and afterward the pitiful struggle of those tender ones whom it threw penniless upon the cold mercies of the world. Make the case your own in imagination. Conceive of your wife and your babies put to that ordeal. You might be willing to forfeit life yourself in some great, inspiring cause, but the contemplation of what it would mean to the loved ones left behind might properly give pause to the boldest man.

"They died for their country." But for what they and their comrades did, think what America would be to-day. Not the great, rich leader among the nations, but a bunch of snarling States, each jealous and possibly envious of the other, a prey to strife or gross ambition, and the whole fine experiment of freedom ruined, for us and for mankind.

Can we pay them too much honor? Shall we begrudge memorial attentions? Ought we not to burn with shame at the selfishness which coolly appropriates the rich fruits of their great sacrifices and then forgets even the fading flower in garland on their tomb?

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

It is surprising the many different appetising ways that Corned Beef can be prepared for the family's meals. Every one likes Corned Beef and there is no more healthful or delicious dish than Libby's, carefully selected from prime beef and properly "corned."

There is some waste, to be sure, when bought at the butcher's, but in the plan here suggested you may buy the finest corned beef in the world in which there is absolutely no waste and every particle of which can be eaten.

Suppose you ask your grocer for Libby's Corned Beef. It represents all full value—no bone, no gristle—just clean, pure corned beef selected first hand from the finest beef stock—no scraps or second pieces—and corned and cooked to perfection in Libby's wonderful white enamel kitchens. A can of Libby's Corned Beef sliced and served cold with dill pickles and potato salad is a delightful meal and will be enough for four people.

Corned Beef Hash.—Take the contents of a can, chop fine, add one-fourth as much boiled or baked potatoes, a little fried onion and a small quantity of water. Cook slowly until thoroughly heated, then serve on toast with or without poached eggs.

Corned Beef Omelette.—Beat the yolks and whites of four eggs separately and add one-half of the whites to all of the yolks. Put in a hot frying pan and, when nicely browned on the bottom, sprinkle a cup of minced corned beef over it. Spread over this the remainder of the whites, put in the oven and brown on top. Then fold and serve.

Creamed Corned Beef.—Mince the contents of a can of Libby's Corned Beef. Put over this a dressing of cream gravy with the yolk of an egg beaten into it. Serve on toast.

New England Boiled Dinner.—You may have this in one-fourth of the time it usually takes. Put a can of Libby's Corned Beef in boiling water—it is already cooked—and serve in the usual manner with vegetables.

Besides the economy in the use of Libby's Corned Beef, another great advantage to the housewife in using it is that it is all cooked when bought and there is no necessity for the long, tedious and expensive boiling which is necessary with raw corned beef. The house is not filled with steam and odors and valuable time is saved. Libby's Corned Beef is ready at once for serving in any one of the many ways mentioned above, and you will find it a great convenience to try it next time. Be sure you get Libby, McNeill & Libby's Corned Beef.

She Didn't Care.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, at a luncheon in New York, said with good-humored mockery of the suffragettes:

"If they keep on, their outlook, really, will become as naively selfish as Mrs. Dash's. Mr. Dash, as his young wife posed before the mirror in a decollete gown from the dearest shop in the Rue de la Paix, regarded the pretty little lady indulgently, and said with a sigh:

"'You do look nice in that frock, dear, but it cost me a heap of money.'

"'You dear old boy,' she cried, 'what do I care for money when it's a question of pleasing you?'"

The Obliging Grandmother.

"You will have to let me off for a day or two in April, ma'am."

"Why, Nora, what for?"

"I must be sick a bit, ma'am."

"Sick, Nora?"

"Sure, ma'am. I'm th' grandmother of an office boy who wants to git off an' see th' openin' ball game, ma'am."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pedigree.

"Well," said the statistical boarder, leaning back in his chair, "we have at this meal the representatives of two widely separated generations.

"How is that?" asked the inquisitive boarder.

"The hen we have been trying to eat was in all probability the great-great-grandmother of this omelet."

Flowers at Funerals.

The custom of having flowers at funerals is very ancient. The Greeks, centuries before the Christian era, crowned the dead body with flowers and also placed flowers on the tomb. The Romans decked the funeral couch with leaves and flowers and spread flowers, wreaths and fillets on the tomb of friends. Most of our funeral customs are derived from the Romans, such as dressing in black, walking or riding in procession, raising a mound over the graves, etc., and among the rest is that of using flowers at funerals.